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MARY SCHWANDT-SCHMIDT,

One of the Captives in the Sioux Outbreak of 1862.

THE STORY OF MARY SCHWANDT.

HER CAPTIVITY DURING THE SIOUX "OUTBREAK"—1862.

I was born in the district of Brandenburg, near Berlin, Germany, in March, 1848. My parents were John and Christina Schwandt. In 1858, when I was ten years of age, our family came to America and settled near Ripon, Wis. Here we lived about four years. In the early spring of 1862 we came to Minnesota and journeyed up the beautiful valley of the Minnesota river to above the mouth of Beaver creek and above where the town of Beaver Falls now stands, and somewhere near a small stream, which I think was called Honey creek,—though it may have been known as Sacred Heart,—my father took up a claim, built a house and settled. His land was, I think, all in the Minnesota bottom or valley, extending from the bluff on the north side to the river. Our family at this time consisted of my father and mother; my sister Caroline, aged nineteen, and her husband, John Waltz; myself, aged fourteen; my brothers, August, Frederick and Christian, aged respectively ten, six and four years, and a hired man named John Fross. We all lived together. My brother-in-law, Mr. Waltz, had taken up a claim and expected to remove to it as soon as he had made certain necessary improvements. The greater part of the spring and summer was spent by the men in breaking the raw prairie and bottom lands so that the sod would be sufficiently rotted for the next season's planting. My father brought with him from Wisconsin some good horses and wagons and several head of cattle and other stock. He also brought a sum of money, the most of which was in gold. I remember that I have seen him

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I remember Mary Schwandt at Camp Release, Sept. 26, 1862, when she, with other captives, was surrendered after the battle of Wood lake. I was a member of the military commission before whom were tried the 306 Sioux, convicted of taking part in the outbreak (thirty-eight of whom were executed at Mankato, the others kept prisoners at Rock Island until after the close of the civil war). Mary Schwandt, then a girl of sixteen, testified against the prisoners, relating the same facts substantially given in this narrative. W. R. M.

counting the gold, and I once testified that I thought he had at least $400, but some of my relatives say that he had over $2,000 when he came to Minnesota. He had brought some money from Germany, and he added to it when in Wisconsin.

Our situation in our new home was comfortable, and my father seemed well satisfied. It was a little lonely, for our nearest white neighbors were some distance away. These were some German families, who lived to the northward of us, I believe, along the small stream which I remember was called Honey creek. One of these families was named Lentz or Lantz, and at this time I cannot remember the names of the others. The country was wild, though it was very beautiful. We had no schools or churches, and did not see many white people, and we children were often lonesome and longed for companions.

Just across the river, to the south of us, a few miles away, was the Indian village of the chief of Shakopee. The Indians visited us almost every day, but they were not company for us. Their ways were so strange that they were disagreeable to me. They were always begging, but otherwise were well behaved. We treated them kindly, and tried the best we knew to keep their good will. I remember well the first Indians we saw in Minnesota. It was near Fort Ridgely, when we were on our way into the country in our wagons. My sister, Mrs. Waltz, was much frightened at them. She cried and sobbed in her terror, and even hid herself in the wagon and would not look at them, so distressed was she. I have often wondered whether she did not then have a premonition of the dreadful fate she was destined to suffer at their cruel and brutal hands. In time I became accustomed to the Indians, and had no real fear of them.

About the 1st of August a Mr. Le Grand Davis came to our house in search of a girl to go to the house of Mr. J. B. Reynolds, who lived on the south side of the river on the bluff, just above the mouth of the Redwood, and assist Mrs. Reynolds in the housework. Mr. Reynolds lived on the main road, between the lower and Yellow Medicine agencies, and kept a sort of stopping place for travelers. I was young, but rather well de-

veloped for a girl of fourteen and a half years, and I could do most kinds of housework as well as many a young woman older than I, and I was so lonesome that I begged my mother to let me go and take the place. She and all the rest of the family were opposed to my going, but I insisted, and at last they let me have my way. I do not think the wages I was to receive were any consideration; indeed, I do not know what they were. Mr. Davis said there were two other girls at the Reynolds house, and that the family was very nice, and these inducements influenced me. So I packed a few of my things together and was soon ready. My mother and sister seemed to feel badly about my going, but I was light-hearted, and said to them: "Why is it as if I were going back to the old country, or somewhere else a long way off, that you act so, when it is not very far and I shall come back soon, and it is best for me, since I am of little help to you here." So, at last we bade one another good-bye, and I went away down the beautiful valley, never to see my good father nor my precious mother nor my lovely sister nor my two dear little brothers any more—any more in this life. How little did I think, as I rode away from home, that I should not see it again, and that in less than a month of all that peaceful and happy household but one of its members—my dear, brave brother August—should be left to me. Many years afterward my husband and I visited the region of my former home, and I tried hard to locate its site. But the times had changed, and the country had changed. There were new faces, new scenes and new features, and so many of them, and such a flood of sorrowful recollections came over me, that I was bewildered, and could recognize but few of the old landmarks, and I came away unable to determine where our house stood, or even which had been my father's land.

When I came to Mr. Reynolds' house I was welcomed and made at home. The inmates of the house at the time, besides Mr. Reynolds, were his wife, Mrs. Valencia Reynolds, and their two children; Mr. Davis, who was staying here temporarily; William Landmeier, a hired man; Miss Mattie Williams of Painesville, Ohio, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds; Mary An-

derson, a Swedish girl, whose father had been a blacksmith in the employ of the government at one of the agencies, and myself. In a narrative, published by Mrs. Reynolds (now dead), which I have seen, she mentions a boy that lived with them, but somehow I cannot remember him. I do not now recall anything of special importance that occurred during my stay here until the dreadful morning of the outbreak. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds had been in charge of the government school for the Indians which had been established at Shakopee's village, only a mile away. Travelers frequently stopped at the house, Mattie and Mary were very companionable, and I was not lonesome, and the time passed pleasantly. I was so young and girlish then that I took little notice of anything that did not concern me, but I know that there was no thought of the terrible things about to happen nor of any sort of danger.

The morning of Aug. 18 came. It was just such a morning as is often seen here in that month. The great red sun came up in the eastern sky, tinging all the clouds with crimson, and sending long, scarlet shafts of light up the green river valley and upon the golden bluffs on either side. It was a "red morning," and, as I think of it now, the words of an old German soldier's song that I had learned in my girlhood come to my mind and fitly describe it:

"O, Morgen-roth! O, Morgen-roth!
Leuchtet mir zum fruehen todt," etc.
(O, morning red! O, morning red!
You shine upon my early death!)

It was Monday, and I think Mary Anderson and I were preparing for the week's washing. A wagon drove up from the west, in which were a Mr. Patoile, a trader, and another Frenchman from the Yellow Medicine agency, where Mr. Patoile's store was. They stopped for breakfast. While they were eating, a half-breed, named Antoine La Blaugh, who was living with John Mooer, another half-breed, not far away, came to the house and told Mr. Reynolds that Mr. Mooer had sent him to tell us that the Indians had broken out and had gone down to the lower agency, ten miles below, and across the river to the Beaver creek settlements to murder all the whites! A lot of squaws and an Indian man were already at the house.

The dreadful intelligence soon reached us girls, and we at once made preparations to fly. Mr. Patoile agreed to help us. Mr. Reynolds had a horse and buggy, and he began to harness his horse, having sent La Blaugh to tell Mr. Mooer to come over. Mr. Mooer came and told Mr. Reynolds to hasten his flight, and directed him what course to take. I was much excited, and it has been so long ago that I cannot remember the incidents of this time very clearly. I remember that Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and the two children got into the buggy, and that we three girls got into Mr. Patoile's wagon with him and Mr. Davis and followed. We did not take many things with us. In our wagon was a feather bed and at least one trunk, belonging to Miss Williams. Mrs. Reynolds' statement says that the boy started with an ox team and was killed near Little Crow's village, but I cannot now remember about this. It is singular that I cannot well remember the Frenchman who was with Mr. Patoile, when, in my statement before the commission the following year, I gave full particulars regarding him, stating that he was on horseback, and how he was killed, etc. I cannot account for this discrepancy, except that I have often honestly and earnestly tried hard to forget all about that dreadful time, and only those recollections that I cannot put away, or that are not painful in their nature, remain in my memory. The hired man, Landmeier, would not leave with us. He went down the river by himself and reached Fort Ridgely in safety that night. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds also reached Fort Ridgely, taking with them two children of a Mr. Nairn that they picked up on the road.

Mr. Patoile was advised by Mr. Mooer to follow close after Mr. Reynolds in the buggy and not follow the road. But Mr. Patoile thought best to keep the road until we crossed the Redwood river. He then left the road and turned up Redwood some distance, and then struck out southeast across the great wide prairie. It seems to me now that we followed some sort of road across this prairie. When we had got about eight miles from the Redwood a mounted Indian overtook us and told us to turn back and go up to Big Stone lake, and that he would come up the next day and tell us what to do. I do not

know his name, but he seemed very friendly and to mean well; yet I do not think it would have been better had we done as he directed. At any rate, Mr. Patoile refused to return, and continued on, keeping to the right or south of the lower agency. At one time we were within two miles of the agency and could see the buildings very plainly. We now hoped that it was all a false alarm. It seemed that the agency had not been attacked, at least the buildings had not been burned, and our spirits returned somewhat. But soon after we saw a smoke in the direction of the agency, and then we were fearful and depressed again. And yet we thought we could escape if the horses could hold out, for they were getting tired, as Mr. Patoile had driven them pretty hard. We were trying to reach New Ulm, where we thought we would be entirely safe.

About the middle of the afternoon some Indians appeared to the left or north of us. They were mounted and at once began shooting arrows at us. Some of the arrows came into the wagon.We succeeded in dodging them, and we girls picked them up. Miss Williams secured some and asked Mary and me for ours, saying she meant to take them back to Ohio and show them to her friends as mementoes of her perilous experience. (In the record of my testimony before the claims commission of 1863 I am made to say that only one Indian shot these arrows, and that he took the Frenchman's horse, but it is impossible for me now to remember the incident in this way.) When we arrived opposite Fort Ridgely—which stood about half a mile from the north bank of the Minnesota —Mr. Patoile supposed we could not cross the river, as there was no ferry there, and we continued down on the road to New Ulm. The horses were now very tired, and we frequently got out and walked.

When we were within about eight miles of New Ulm and thought all serious danger was over, we met about fifty Indians coming from the direction of the town. They were mounted, and had wagons loaded with flour and all sorts of provisions and goods taken from the houses of the settlers. They were nearly naked, painted all over their bodies, and all of them seemed to be drunk, shouting and yelling and acting very riotously in every way. Two of them dashed forward to

us, one on each side of the wagon, and ordered us to halt. Mr. Patoile turned the wagon to one side of the road, and all of us jumped out except him. As we leaped out Mr. Davis said, "We are lost!" The rest of the Indians came up and shot Mr. Patoile, four balls entering his body, and he fell dead from the wagon. I have a faint recollection of seeing him fall. He was a large man, as I remember him, and he fell heavily. Mr. Davis and we girls ran toward a slough where there was some high grass. The Indians began firing at us. Mr. Davis was killed. The Frenchman ran in another direction, but was shot and killed. Mary Anderson was shot in the back, the ball lodging near the surface of the groin or abdomen. Some shots passed through my dress, but I was not hit. Miss Williams, too, was unhurt. I was running as fast as I could towards the slough, when two Indians caught me, one by each of my arms, and stopped me. An Indian caught Mattie Williams and tore off part of her "shaker" bonnet. Then another came, and the two led her back to the wagon. I was led back also. Mary Anderson was probably carried back. Mattie was put in a wagon with Mary, and I was placed in one driven by the negro Godfrey. It was nearly 4 o'clock, as I remember from a certain circumstance. The black wretch Godfrey had been with the Indians murdering and plundering, and about his waist were strung quite a number of watches. I learn that this old villain is now at Santee Agency, Neb. He gave evidence against the Indians who were hanged at Mankato, and so escaped their deserved fate. The Indians shouted and were very joyful over the great victory, and soon we were started off. The wagon with Mattie and Mary went toward the lower agency, and the one I was in went off into the prairie. I asked Godfrey what they were going to do with me, and he said he did not know. He said they had chased Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, and he believed had killed them. He said: "We are going out this way to look for our women, who are here somewhere." About three miles out we came to these squaws, who were sitting behind a little mound or hill on the prairie. They set up a joyful and noisy chattering as we approached, and when we stopped they ran to the wagons and took out bread and other articles. Here we remained about

an hour, and the Indians dressed their hair, fixing it up with ribbons. When we came up to these Indians I asked Godfrey the time, and, looking at one of the watches, he replied, "It is 4 o'clock."

About 5 o'clock we started in the direction of the lower agency. Three hours later we arrived at the house of the chief, Wacouta, in his village, half a mile or so below the agency. Here I found Mrs. De Camp (now Mrs. Sweet), whose story was published in the Pioneer Press of July 15. As she has so well described the incidents of that dreadful night and the four following dreadful days, it seems unnecessary that I should repeat them; and, indeed, it is a relief to avoid the subject. Since it pleased God that we should all suffer as we did at this time, I pray him of his mercy to grant that all my memories of this period of my captivity may soon and forever pass away. At about 11 o'clock in the night I arrived at Wacouta's house. Mattie and Mary were brought in. The ball was yet in Mary's body, and Wacouta tried to take it out, but I am sure that Mrs. Sweet is mistaken when she says he succeeded. He tried to, in all kindness, but it seemed to me that he was unwilling to cause her any more pain. At any rate, he gave up the attempt, and I remember well that the brave girl then took his knife from his hand, made an incision over the lump where the ball lay, took out first the wadding, which was of a green color and looked like grass, and then removed the ball. I think after this Wacouta dressed the wound she had made by applying to it some wet cloths.

On the fourth day we were taken from Wacouta's, up to Little Crow's village, two miles above the agency. Mary Anderson died at 4 o'clock the following morning. I can never forget the incidents of her death. When we came we were given some cooked chicken. Mary ate of the meat and drank of the broth. Mattie and I were both with her, and watched her by turns. It rained hard that night, and the water ran under the tepee where we were, and Mary was wet and had no bedclothing or anything else to keep her dry and warm. When at Wacouta's she asked for a change of clothing, as her own were very bloody from her wounds. Wacouta gave her a black silk dress and a shawl, which some of his men had taken from some

other white woman. Mary was a rather large girl, and I remember that the waist of this dress was too small for her and would not meet or fasten. It was in this dress she died. She was very thirsty, and called often for water, but otherwise made no complaint and said but little. Before she died she prayed in Swedish. She had a plain gold ring on one of her fingers, and she asked us to give it to her mother, but after her death her finger was so swollen we could not remove the ring, and it was buried with her. I was awake when she died, and she passed away so gently that I did not know she was dead until Mattie began to prepare the face cloths. She was the first person whose death I had ever witnessed. The next morning she was buried. Joseph Campbell, a half-breed prisoner, assisted us in the burial. Her poor body was wrapped in a piece of tablecloth, and the Indians carried it to the grave, which was dug near Little Crow's house. The body was afterward disinterred and reburied at the lower agency. A likeness of a young man to whom she was to have been married we kept, and it was returned to him. Her own we gave to Mrs. Reynolds.

While in Little Crow's village I saw some of my father's cattle and many of our household goods in the hands of the Indians. I now knew that my family had been plundered, and I believed murdered. I was very, very wretched, and cared not how soon I too was killed. Mrs. Huggan, the half-breed woman whose experience as a prisoner has been printed in this paper, says she remembers me at this time, and that my eyes were always red and swollen from constant weeping. I presume this is true. But soon there came a time when I did not weep. I could not. The dreadful scenes I had witnessed, the sufferings that I had undergone, the almost certainty that my family had all been killed, and that I was alone in the world, and the belief that I was destined to witness other things as horrible as those I had seen, and that my career of suffering and misery had only begun, all came to my comprehension, and when I realized my utterly wretched, helpless and hopeless situation, for I did not think I would ever be released, I became as one paralyzed, and could hardly speak. Others of my fellow captives say they often spoke to me, but that I said but little, and went about like a sleep-walker.

I shall always remember Little Crow from an incident that happened while I was in his village. One day I was sitting quietly and shrinkingly by a tepee when he came along dressed in full chief's costume and looking very grand. Suddenly he jerked his tomahawk from his belt and sprang toward me with the weapon uplifted as if he meant to cleave my head in two. I remember, as well as if it were only an hour ago that he glared down upon me so savagely, that I thought he really would kill me; but I looked up at him, without any fear or care about my fate, and gazed quietly into his face without so much as winking my tear-swollen eyes. He brandished his tomahawk over me a few times, then laughed, put it back in his belt and walked away, still laughing and saying something in Indian, which, of course, I could not understand. Of course he only meant to frighten me, but I do not think he was at all excusable for his conduct. He was a great chief, and some people say he had many noble traits of character, but I have another opinion of any man, savage or civilized, who will take for a subject of sport a poor, weak, defenseless, broken-hearted girl, a prisoner in his hands, who feels as if she could never smile again. A few days since I saw Little Crow's scalp among the relics of the Historical society, and may I be forgiven for the sin of feeling a satisfaction at the sight.

But now it pleased Providence to consider that my measure of suffering was nearly full. An old Indian woman called Wam-nu-ka-win (meaning a peculiarly shaped bead called barley corn, sometimes used to produce the sound in Indian rattles) took compassion on me and bought me of the Indian who claimed me, giving a pony for me. She gave me to her daughter, whose Indian name was Snana (ringing sound), but the whites called her Maggie, and who was the wife of Wakin-yan Weste, or Good Thunder. Maggie was one of the handsomest Indian women I ever saw, and one of the best. She had been educated and was a Christian. She could speak English fluently (but never liked to), and she could read and write. She had an Episcopal prayer book, and often read it, so that Mrs. Sweet is mistaken in her belief that Mrs. Hunter had the only prayer book in the camp. Maggie and her mother were both very kind to me, and Maggie could not have treated me more tenderly if I had been her daughter. Often and often

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she preserved me from danger, and sometimes, I think, she saved my life. Many a time, when the savage and brutal Indians were threatening to kill all the prisoners, and it was feared they would, she and her mother hid me, piling blankets and buffalo robes upon me until I would be nearly smothered, and then they would tell everybody that I had left them. Late one night, when we were all asleep, Maggie in one corner of the tent, her mother in another, and I in another, some drunken young hoodlums came in. Maggie sprang up as swiftly as a tigress defending her young, and almost as fierce, and ordered them out. A hot quarrel resulted. They seemed determined to take me away or kill me, but Maggie was just as determined to protect me. I lay in my little couch, trembling in fear and praying for help, and at last good, brave Maggie drove the villains away. Mr. Good Thunder was not there that night, but I do not know where he was. I have not much to say about him. He often took his gun, mounted his horse, and rode away, and would be absent for some time, but I never saw him with his face painted or with a war party. He is living at Birch Coulie agency now, but Maggie is not his present wife. I learn that she is somewhere in Nebraska, but wherever you are, Maggie, I want you to know that the little captive German girl you so often befriended and shielded from harm loves you still for your kindness and care, and she prays God to bless you and reward you in this life and that to come. I was told to call Mr. Good Thunder and Maggie "father" and "mother," and I did so. It was best, for then some of the Indians seemed to think I had been adopted into the tribe. But Maggie never relaxed her watchful care over me, and forbade my going about the camp alone or hardly anywhere out of her sight. I was with her nearly all the time after I went to live with her. She gave me a clean white blanket, but it was not white very long, and made me squaw clothes and embroidered for me a most beautiful pair of white moccasins, and I put them on in place of the clothing I wore when I was captured. Old Wam-nu-ka was always very good to me, too. The kind old creature has been dead many years, and Heaven grant that she is in peace. For several days after I first came to live with them they were very attentive, waking me for breakfast, and bringing me soap, water and a towel, and showing me many other considerations.

I think we remained at Little Crow's village about a week, when we moved in haste up toward Yellow Medicine about fifteen miles and encamped. The next morning there was an alarm that the white soldiers were coming. Maggie woke me, took off my squaw clothes and dressed me in my own. But the soldiers did not come, and we went on to Yellow Medicine, where we arrived about noon. On the way there was another alarm that the soldiers were coming, and there was great confusion. Some ran off into the prairie and scattered in all directions, while others pushed the teams as fast as they could be driven. Four miles from Yellow Medicine I was made to get out of the wagon and walk. From this time every day there was an alarm of some kind. One day the soldiers were said to be coming; the next day all the prisoners were to be killed, etc. On one occasion a woman was killed while trying to escape. I was again dressed in Indian garments. I was told that the Sissetons were coming down from Big Stone lake, and there was danger of my being killed if I looked like a white girl. Maggie and her mother wanted to paint my face and put rings in my ears so that I would look more like a squaw, but I refused the proposition. I assisted my Indian "mother" with her work, carried water, baked bread—when we had any—and tried to make myself useful to her. We lived chiefly on beef and potatoes; often we had no bread.

We were encamped at Yellow Medicine at least two weeks. Then we left and went on west, making so many removals that I cannot remember them. I did not go about the camps alone, and I knew nothing of what was going on outside. I saw the warriors constantly going and coming, but I knew nothing of their military movements and projects. A simple little German "maedchen" of fourteen cannot be expected to understand such things. I did not hear the cannon at Wood lake, and did not know the battle was in progress till it was all over. During my captivity I saw very many dreadful scenes and sickening sights, but I need not describe them. Once I saw a little white girl of not more than five years, whose head had been cut and gashed with knives until it was a mass of wounds. I think this child was saved, but I do not know who she was. I do not remember that I talked with my fellow prisoners. I remember Mrs. Dr. Wakefield and Mrs.

Adams. They were painted and decorated and dressed in full Indian costume, and seemed proud of it. They were usually in good spirits, laughing and joking, and appeared to enjoy their new life. The rest of us disliked their conduct, and would have but little to do with them. Mrs. Adams was a handsome young woman, talented and educated, but she told me she saw her husband murdered, and that the Indian she was then living with had dashed out her baby's brains before her eyes. And yet she seemed perfectly happy and contented with him!

At last came Camp Release and our deliverance by the soldiers under Gen. Sibley. That story is well known. I remember how angry the soldiers were at the Indians who surrendered there, and how eager they were to be turned loose upon the vile and bloody wretches. I testified before the military commission that tried the Indians. Soon after I was taken below to St. Peter, where I learned the particulars of the sad fate of my family. I must be excused from giving the particulars of their atrocious murders. All were murdered at our home but my brother August. His head was split with a tomahawk, and he was left senseless for dead, but he recovered consciousness, and finally, though he was but ten years of age, succeeded in escaping to Fort Ridgely. On the way he found a child, five years old, and carried it several miles, when, by the direction of a German woman he had fallen in with, he left it in a house eighteen miles from the fort. The child was recovered at Camp Release, but it was so much injured by wounds and exposure that it died soon after reaching Fort Ridgely. August is now a hardware merchant in Portland, Oregon.

Soon after arriving at St. Peter I was sent to my friends and relatives in Wisconsin, and here I met my brother August. It was a sad meeting for the two little orphans, though we were most happy in seeing each other. The next year I returned to Minnesota and testified before what was called the claims commission. The government had suspended the annuities usually paid the Sioux, and directed that the money should be paid to the people whose property had been destroyed by the Indians during the outbreak, or to their heirs. An admin-

istrator was appointed for my father's estate, and a guardian for me and my brother. I testified to the property my father had, all of which had been taken or destroyed by the Indians; but I do not remember that my brother and I ever received but an insignificant sum, and yet I do not know why we did not. It seems that everybody else, traders and all, were paid in full. Some gold was taken from the dead body of an Indian during the war, and, from the circumstances, Gen. Sibley thought the money had been taken from my father. The amount was $90, but there was a premium on gold at the time. Gen. Sibley purchased two $50 government bonds with the money and held them for my brother and me some years. In 1866 Gen. Sibley gave me one of the bonds and $20 in interest on it, and my receipts to him for this money are among the Sibley papers in the Historical society. A part of the year 1863 I was with the family of my old employer, Mr. Reynolds, who then kept a hotel at St. Peter. In the fall I went to Fairwater, Wis., and remained with an uncle for two years. In 1866 I married Mr. William Schmidt, then and for many years afterward one of the business men of St. Paul. We lived in St. Paul until 1889, when we removed to Portland, Ore. Two months since we returned to St. Paul. We have three living children, a daughter and two sons; four children are dead. Life is made up of shadow and shine. I sometimes think I have had more than my share of sorrow and suffering, but I bear in mind that I have seen much of the agreeable side of life, too. A third of a century almost has passed since the period of my great bereavement and of my captivity. The memory of that period, with all its hideous features, often rises before me, but I put it down. I have called it up at this time because kind friends have assured me that my experience is a part of a leading incident in the history of Minnesota that ought to be given to the world. In the hope that what I have written may serve to inform the present and future generations what some of the pioneers of Minnesota underwent in their efforts to settle and civilize our great state, I submit my plain and imperfect story.

MARY SCHWANDT-SCHMIDT.

St. Paul, July 26, 1894.

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